The Weekly Museum.

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THE DANGERS OF DELAY.

[Continued from our laſt.]

I Walked forward, but with uncertain ſteps: it was the pace of heſitation; one moment rapid, as if anxious to leave my feelings at a diſtance behind me; the next, ſlow, as half tempted to return and repair what I felt to be worſe than error.

In this painful ſtruggle between Sentiment and Conſcience, I had proceeded the length of two fields, when an object preſented itſelf which put an inſtant termination to the conteſt by fairly driving both the combitants from the field of battle. It was a lovely young girl leaning on a gate: her eyes, from which ſtole the ſilent tear, intently fixed on the ground; her jetty locks, yet undefiled by art, in native ringlets ſported in the wind, which had given an added bloom to the roſes of health, in vernal vigour flouriſhing on her fair cheek, and apparently receiving freſh beauty from the wholeſome dews of ſorrow which ſo ſweetly beſprinkled them. Her dreſs was of that kind as, with its firſt gloſs on, would have been favored with the ſignificant epithet *decent*; but, in its preſent ſtate, betrayed evident ſymptoms of poverty: in a word, it had been good, but "was worſe for wear." I ſtopped ſhort to view this intereſting object; and a freſh conflict now aroſe within my boſom. I reſolved to addreſs her; but whether in the tone of eaſy familiarity, or of reſpectful civility, was the queſtion. Nature prompted the latter mode; but Worldly Wiſdom, who ever ſets the dictates of Nature at defiance, and with affected arrogance aſſumes a deſpotic authority which with ſupercilious diſdain, ſhe exerts on all occaſions, in contempt of honor, in ſcorn of rectitude—Worldly Wiſdom, I ſay, dictated that ſtile of addreſs which conceals conſcious ſuperiority under the maſk of gay familiarity. I approached; and taking her by the hand, obſerved to her, with an air of jocularity, that the keenneſs of the wind would blight the bloſſom of her beauty. She ſtarted, modeſtly withdrew her hand, and hung down her head; and that with an air of dejection ſo totally exempt from affection, as made me feel a momentary impulſe of repentance. Her tears flowed afreſh: I heſitated; a reſpectful apology for inſolent intruſion quivered on my lips. But Worldly Wiſdom, ſcorning to confeſs her fallibility, whiſpered that her tears were but the tears of virtue for departed honor. Fortified with this *charitable* idea, I renewed my attack, and propoſed to her to accompany me to The Wells. She gave a ſilent aſſent; and taking the arm I held out to her, we walked gently forward. As we proceeded, I made an attempt—not, by kind participation, to ſoothe her grief; but, by the looſe effuſions of affected gaiety, to raiſe a tranſient ſmile on the cheek of ſorrow, at the expence of feeling: nor was it in the hope that the ſmile ſo raiſed would give to her heart a momentary relief from the painful ſenſations which ſeemed to oppreſs it, but merely with that ſelfiſh view of enchanting that pleaſure on which my imagination already feaſted. The attempt, however, met with the ſucceſs it merited. Her tears, indeed, had ſubſided; but they ſucceeded by a fixed and ſettled gloom, equally inſenſible to the attack of licentious ribaldry, and the proffered aid of conſolatory advice. Her ſilence continued, in ſpite of all my efforts to break it, till we came within ſight of the houſe; when ſhe ſuddenly ſtopped ſhort with the ſtart of recollection, and exclaimed in the wild accents of deſpair—"My God! whither am I going?" She ſeemed as if juſt awakened from a dream, wherein ſhe had advanced to the brink of a precipice, the idea of which ſtill made her ſhudder with horror. She had withdrawn her arm from mine, was returning with haſty ſteps, and was already at ſome diſtance from the ſpot on which I ſtood, before I ſufficiently recovered from the aſtoniſhment into which this ſudden ejaculation had thrown me, to follow her. I, however, ſoon overtook her; and, laying hold of her hand, earneſtly entreated her to return with me to the Wells. This ſhe reſolutely refuſed, and her refuſal was accompanied by a torrent of tears. Her diſtreſs bore ſuch a viſible ſtamp of reality, Nature had written ſincerity on her countenance in ſuch legible characters, that a man of leſs refinement, one who piqued himſelf leſs on his *knowledge of the world* than myſelf, could not poſſibly have erred. But to me this agony of grief appeared the reſult of deep deſign, an artful ſcheme of a finiſhed courtezan. Her garb indeed, our fortuitous meeting, the place in which we met, offered ſuch a combination of unfavourable circumſtances to the idea which I entertained of her, as, to unbiaſſed reaſon, muſt have produced irreſiſtible conviction; but when the mind has adopted a favourite ſyſtem, it is curious to obſerve with what ſurprizing facility it removes every obſtacle, however ſtrongly fortified by art or nature, and renders every thing ſubſervient to its own plan.

In full expectation of finding my ſagacious conjectures ſtrengthened by the recital, I requeſted ſhe would favour me with the hiſtory of her life; nothing doubting but it would be duly diverſified with the uſual embelliſhments of matrimonial promiſes ſolemnly made and ſlightly broken; the ſimple eye of innocence dazzled by the ſplendor of rank; long ſtruggles; baſe deceptions; virtue ſeduced; and the numerous train of miſery ever attendant on ſimilar *faux-pas*.

"Come," ſaid I "tell me your ſtory; your misfortunes, I dare ſay, are not irremediable; and it may perhaps be in my power to afford you relief."—"Ah, Sir!" ſaid the fair mourner, dropping on her knees, "could you but remove the cauſe of my anxiety, my life would be too ſhort to repay ſo large a debt of gratitude as I ſhould then incur."—"If the cauſe come within the bounds of moderation, a much ſhorter period will ſuffice: but you excite my curioſity; haſten, therefore to gratify it." She aroſe; I led her to a ſtile, on which we ſeated ourſelves, and ſhe began as follows—

"The ſtory of my misfortunes is ſhort; and (o you Sir, I fear, it will prove unintereſting: ſorrows, however poignant, muſt loſe by recital; and a ſimple narrative of artleſs facts can ſeldom convey to the breaſt of a ſtranger any portion of thoſe feelings which are experienced by an intereſted narrator. I have not yet attained my ſeventeenth year; nor, till within this twelvemonth, have I known one painful hour. My father's name was Villars: he was curate of a village in Oxfordſhire. His curacy was not lucrative; but, with the addition of an annuity granted him by a young nobleman with whom he had travelled, he, and my mother—who was the orphan daughter of a neighbouring rector, and had been left deſtitute of fortune, and conſequently of friends—contrived to paſs their lives in comfort, and to reſerve their mite for charity. My father, endued with too much ſenſe to regard poverty, as a reproach, and poſſeſſed of too much humility to treat it with the ſcowl of diſdain, daily viſited the cottage of the labourer; in ſickneſs or in health proved his conſtant friend. Nor was he weak or wicked enough to believe that his duty was wholly diſcharged by the adminiſtration of ſpiritual advice and mental exhortation: no! to the wants of the body, not leſs than thoſe of the mind, did he adminiſter: nor did the aſſiſtance he afforded, always ſuited to the urgency of the occaſion, ever fail to inſpire that reſpect for the preceptor which gives double force to his precepts. I was his only child; and the extraordinary pains which he took with my education—pains which he would frequently exclaim, with the partial fondneſs of a parent, were amply recompenſed by my cloſe attention and rapid progreſs, formed his chief amuſement, and almoſt his ſole relaxation from the duties of a ſtation which he juſtly deemed of ſufficient importance to engroſs a very conſiderable portion of his time and attention. Thus, loved and reſpected by the whole pariſh—except, indeed, by the lord of the manor, of whoſe ſports he had neither leiſure nor inclination to partake, and whoſe coarſe invitations, in the boſom of liberality, were more likely to diſguſt than to promote a willingneſs to accept—thus, I ſay, with this ſingle exception, an object of univerſal love and reſpect, did my father paſs his days, in the full poſſeſſion of that happineſs which is the ſure reſult of good actions.

"At the begining of November laſt, an induſtrious cottager, one of his pariſhioners, was ſeized with a violent fever, which baffled the art of the ſurgeon whom my father had ſent to attend him. On the ſecond day he was given over; and, as the fever was of the putrid kind, my father was warned not to approach his bed. To this warning, alas! he paid but too little attention; he would not ſuffer any conſideration of perſonal danger to deter him from purſuing the ſtrict line of his duty; he inſiſted on the neceſſity of beſtowing preparatory conſolation, at the approach of that awful hour, which even the mind impreſſed by education with a juſt ſenſe of its duty, and urged by rigid principles of moral rectitude to a due diſcharge of it, cannot behold without ſome portion of fear and trembling—a weakneſs inſeparable from humanity. All therefore, that he would grant to the urgent entreaties and repeated ſolicitations of my mother and

ſelf, was to provide him... with vinegar, camphire, and other antiſepticks, that our fears might be ſomewhat diminiſhed by the diminution of danger. This precaution, however, proved ineffectual; my father caught the infection, which evinced itſelf on his return from the cottager's funeral; and its progreſs was ſo rapid, that in 48 hours he breathed his laſt."

[To be continued.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

A GENTLEMAN qualified to make a lady happy, is willing to become a female protector, in the capacity of huſband.

The irkſomeneſs of introduction, acquaintance, and courtſhip, will juſtify me in making this public addreſs---I would make love and marry as a philoſopher.

In every connection, EQUALITY is neceſſary to friendſhip; but in conjugal union it is particularly ſo. Preſuming that I am not deceived in calculating my own merit, I ſhall attempt to make it appear that I am intitled to a fortune of fifty thouſand pounds.

The money expended on my education, if not nominally equal to that ſum, yet is virtually ſo, reckoning the intereſt, ſimple and compound, and the ſpecific value of my poſſeſſions. My ſtock is mental, and ſoul preferable to body; ſpirit to matter: landed or bank ſtock is rude matter; but education is intellectual wealth. I have enhanced, not my poſſeſſions, but myſelf, becauſe you marry myſelf; becauſe you cannot become one fleſh with my money. I have converted caſh into ſoul, becauſe nothing but ſoul can attract and fix your eſteem. I have bartered money for mind, for it is by the quantity of mind I ſhall be valued by you. I have exchanged worldly property for divine, becauſe you are divine creatures. But if you are not pleaſed with ſpirit, I can produce matter---three thouſand pounds a year my education procures me, which is the intereſt of fifty thouſand pounds. If, therefore, I did poſſeſs fifty thouſand, which I laid out in ſtock, ſtill equal in value to that ſum, and which now produces me anually the intereſt of fifty thouſand, I have reaſon to expect a lady with an equal fortune.

Should any lady inclining to do me the honour, bring with her more than the aforeſaid ſum, I will maintain the equilibrium by equaling the ſurplus in caſh.

I will diſpenſe with twenty or thirty thouſand, in conſideration of accompliſhments, and ten or fifteen more if beauty offers.

A line directed to M. S. and left in the Letter Box, will be attended to.

THE BEAR, THE MONKEY, AND THE PIG.
A FABLE.

A BEAR, by whoſe kind aſſiſtance a Piedmonteſe got his bread, was practiſing a new dance in which he was not perfect; "How do you like it?" ſays he to the Monkey, who was ſtanding by. "Not at all," anſwered the other. "Not at all!---what's the matter, is not there an air of eaſe about me, and don't I ſtep out with a great deal of dignity?" "Yes," cried a Pig in the company, "with a great deal of eaſe, with a great deal of dignity indeed; I never have ſeen, and go where I will I never ſhall ſee, ſo fine a dancer." With this unexpected panegyric the poor Bear was quite ſtruck dumb, but recovering himſelf after a few minutes pauſe, he turned round to the company, and ſaid, "I beg all your pardons, Gentlemen; when I found that the Monkey did not like me, I began to ſuſpect my talents; but now the Pig begins to praiſe, I am ſure I can't dance at all." Writers, make your profit of this fable; it is a bad ſign when men of ſenſe condemn, but a much worſe when fools applaud.

ANECDOTE

"It is ſometime's dangerous to appear wiſer than one's neighbours."

A Tipſey perſon in Dumfries, (Scotland) was ſaying from the pulpit, "What was it, think ye, gued people, that ſwallowed Jonas?---It was nae horſe, it was nae cow."---"I ſuppoſe, (ſaid an old woman) it was a whale, your reverence."---"I ſuppoſe, (replied he) you are a b----; you might as well take the bread out of my mouth as the word of God."

FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM

SONNET.

Founded on a Scene in London.

POOR helpleſs Fanny, ſee her rove
Neglected by her faithleſs love,
Ah! ſee her ſtroll along,
Through many ſtreet, and dreary lane,
Her daily pittance hard to gain,
She carols ſweet her ſong.

Each chilling night with heavenly ſound,
She charms the liſt'ning throng around
With notes, ſweet, clear and high;
I ſtood amaz'd ſuch ſounds to hear,
When by the moon I ſaw a tear
Fall from her azure eye.

Her infant on her boſom lay,
The fruits, ah! of that wretched day
When ſhe gave looſe to love;
Her ſoften'd ſounds ſooth'd it to reſt,
As it lay on that panting breaſt
That would a ſtoic move.

Alas! poor girl, I can't deny
The falling tear, the heaving ſigh,
For thy poor wretched ſtate,
By artful language, perjur'd tongue,
Thy too fond heart, alas! was won,
And ſeal'd thy wandering fate.

Where's now the gay, the tinſel'd croud
That ſpoke and ſung thy praiſe aloud,
And ſwore how much they lov'd?
Where's now the flatt'ring, wondering throng,
When Fanny tript the dance along,
Or mazy minuet mov'd?

Where's now the Lord, the Cit, the Knight,
Who ſwore by Sol (or thou more bright)?
Or where's that wealthy 'Squire,
Who enraptur'd ſtood to hear thy ſtrain,
To hear thy ſong of joy or pain,
Or touch the tremb'ling lyre?

Where's now the man whoſe heart you won,
Whoſe blood with fluttering tricklings ran
Through each enraptur'd vein?
Alas! he's gone, the ſpoiler's fled,
Stole innocence, and in it's ſtead
Left fell remorſe and pain.

ROVER.

New-York, May 16th, 1797.

NIGHT's dark'ning ſhades hang quiv'ring o'er my head,
And Sol's tall beams to other realms have fled;
Courting repoſe---huſh'd is the ruſtling breeze,
That ſoftly floating, ſhook the lofty trees;
Silent all nature---ſave the curfew's toll,
Whoſe dreary knell alarms my trembling ſoul.
Now Morpheus reigns---cloſ'd is each mortal eye,
And potent kings now ſlumber with a fly;
Serenely calm the peaceful zephyrs move,
And echoing nature---echoes nought but love.
Ah why, NARCISSA! does thy tender heart,
Unus'd to treach'ry, act a treach'rous part?
Why ſometimes ſmile, and fill my breaſt with joy?
Then with a frown my fancied bliſs deſtroy.
NARCISSA ſure this conduct can't approve,
Her tender heart is made alone for love.
Then why with pain diſtract Alonzo's breaſt?
Whom one fond word would make ſupremely bleſt;
Why not at once his tender flame approve?
And thus reward his pure unequal'd love:
Then would NARCISSA as an angel ſhine,
Then would dame fortune ſmile with looks benign,
Illuſtrious Hymen then would join the pair,
And bleſt Alonzo ſooth her ev'ry care.

ALONZO.

April 23.

TRANSPORTED LAWYERS.

A London paragraph ſtates that among the felons deſtined in the laſt tranſport for Botany Bay there was no leſs than five attorneys! Poſſibly a ſhip better laden with ſimilar merchandize might weigh anchor from America.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES RECOMMENDED.

"To reſent is human, to forgive divine."

BRUTES kick back---dogs return bite for bite; but the philoſopher walks regardleſs of the barks of ſnarling curs, heedleſs of the inſults of puppies. "Si me aſinus calce impetiſſet, num illi idem faciem?"

It requires a greatneſs of ſoul above the common ſize to practiſe forbearance; to forgive requires a magnanimity which all do not poſſeſs.

Reſentment betrays a weakneſs of mind, equal to that of the aggreſſor; it implies an acknowledgment of equality, and that with one you deſpiſe and hate.

To ſeem equal, inferiors court quarrels with their ſuperiors: Puppies affront gentlemen, to have it ſaid that they quarrelled with a great man, expecting the inference of equality.

Paſſion is a kind of magic, which eclipſes the eyes, magnifies offences, and repreſents objects in falſe colours. Nothing is in reality what it appears in paſſion: No two perſons differ more from one another, than paſſion makes the ſame man differ from himſelf in the ſober hours of reaſon.

The grand objects of all conteſts is victory. The conqueſt of a powerful enemy is pleaſure, honour and glory; but there is a far greater victory than that of an enemy---to conquer one's ſelf is far more than to conquer a thouſand giants; to ſubdue one's paſſions is more glorious than the conqueſt of ten thouſand Patagonians.

COPIED FROM A TOMB-STONE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

EPITAPH
ON AN INNKEEPER.

IF e'er good punch to thee was dear,
Drop on JOHN DAGGETT's grave a tear,
Who, when alive, ſo well did tend---
The rich, the poor, the foe, the friend.---
At every knock, and every call,
"I'M COMING, SIR;" he cry'd to all.

At length, death knock'd,
Poor Daggett cry'd
I'M COMING, SIR!---
And ſo, he died.

EPIGRAM.

DICK ſobb'd and whimper'd when he ſaw,
His ſiſter lie groaning on the ſtraw;
"Suffer much (quoth ſhe) 'tis true,
But don't weep, DICK, I don't blame you."

THE MONITOR.

SINCERITY is the moſt compendious wiſdom, and an excellent inſtrument for the ſpeedy diſpatch of buſineſs. It creates confidence in thoſe we have to deal with, ſaves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an iſſue in a few words. It is like travelling a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man ſooner to his journey's end, than bye ways, in which men often loſe themſelves. In a word, whatſoever convenience may be thought to be in falſhood and diſſimulation, it is ſoon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, becauſe it brings a man under an everlaſting jealouſy and ſuſpicion, ſo that he is not believed when he ſpeaks truth, nor truſted when perhaps he means honeſtly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then ſerve his turn, neither truth nor falſhood. Indeed if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and ſhould never have occaſion to converſe more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (as far as it reſpects the affairs of this world) if he ſpent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation whilſt he is in it, let him make uſe of truth and ſincerity in all his words and actions, for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts may fail, but Truth and Integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the laſt.

SATURDAY, May 20, 1797.

ON Tuesday last, a little after twelve o'clock, agreeably to appointment, the President of the United States attended in the Representatives chamber, to deliver his communications to both houses of Congress. The house was as usual on similar occasions, crouded with spectators; amongst whom were, the Foreign Ministers, Consuls, &c. the Heads of the several Departments of Government, many of the principal inhabitants of the city, and a numerous assemblage of ladies.

Should the present Congress act in unison with the recommendation contained in the President's Speech, (of which there is little doubt) all apprehensions of an Embargo, for the present, may subside; for he says, "It appears to me necessary to equip the frigates, and provide other vessels of inferior force, to take under convoy such merchant vessels as shall remain unarmed." While our merchants are acting under this protection, a "repetition of advances" to restore peace and friendship, is presumable, will be going forward. This Speech is an important and valuable communication to Congress; and, may we not flatter ourselves that the result of this will be "an accommodation, on terms, compatable WITH THE RIGHTS, DUTIES, INTERESTS, AND HONOUR OF THE NATION."

The new Member of the French Executive Directory, and one third of the Legislature take their seats this day May 20th.

Accounts from Hamburg to March 22, mention an expectation of the Emperor's making peace.

Extract of a letter from Captain Allen, of the ship Eliza, of New-York, carried to the Mole, by the British, to his owner in this city, dated April 24, 1797.

"My situation is as when I last wrote, except that I am the day after to-morrow to be sent to Jamaica for trial.---I never expected to receive such treatment from the English, and I find it is occasioned by my refusal to take a false oath, by which the property I am intrusted with might be condemned! Though reduced to poverty, I still defend my owner's right. I am not permitted to sell my cloaths for pocket money, of which I have none, but I will not draw as that would please them. Trouble has somewhat impaired my health. Tell ---- his venture has gone to a bad market. God knows when I shall get away."

From Portsmouth, May 11.

IMPORTANT!

We have an arrival here from Hamburg, in 39 days. The Captain brings intelligence, that a few days previous to his sailing, information was received there from France, that the misunderstanding between the United States and that Republic was in a train of friendly agreement---That our Ambassador, General Pinckney, had been invited to return to Paris; and that a decree of the Directory had been received, and was in circulation at Hamburg, directing that no more captures of American vessels should be made unless they had on board contraband goods, or had false sets of paper. The effect of this intelligence at Hamburg was the fall of insurance from 15 per cent. to 4 1-2 on American vessels and property. It is said that Mr. Williams, consul at Hamburg, gave assurances that the principal facts above mentioned might be relied on.

The Newburyport "Political Gazette" of the 10th inst. mentions, on the information of a gentleman from Portsmouth, that Captain Rice saw official accounts of the above at the Consul's office.

BOSTON, May 11.

A Report of yesterday, was, that a Capt. Jones, from St. Johns, (said to be one of the Virgin Islands) had brought intelligence that a French privateer had arrived there in a very forlorn condition, having been severely handled in an engagement with an American armed ship belonging to New-York; in which the French Captain was killed, and a considerable number of his crew killed and wounded. The report further adds, that the pilaroon had previously captured an American brig which was in company; and that during the action the crew rose on the prize-master and gang, and overpowered and confined them. We cannot vouch for the veracity of the report: But should such an event have taken place, the American Captain deserves well of his country. The defence of a man's property on the high road of the ocean, is as justifiable as to oppose the demands of a highwayman on land.

FREEBOOTERS AT HAND.

Gentlemen from Salem and Marblehead inform us, that a coasting schooner put into the former place yesterday, which had been plundered by a sixteen gun French privateer brig from Porto-Rico, about eight leagues from Cape Ann, of a hogshead of rum, and other property; and that the Captain of the privateer threatened very hard to burn the schooner.---Fraternity with a witness.

RICHMOND, May 10.

About 1 o'clock in the morning of the 20th ult. the house of Mr James Armstrong, in the town of Abingdon, was discovered to be in flames, which had rose to such a height as to render it impossible to extinguish them. This being a public house there were a number of lodgers in it, who saved their lives by leaping from the windows of the second story; several of them were very much hurt by their falls. One of them attempted to make his way down the stairs, but was so much burnt that he died about 12 o'clock the next day. In a few moments the most valuable part of Mr. Armstrong's property was entirely destroyed, consisting of his house, kitchen, stables, &c. Also a house belonging to Mr. William Bruce. By this time the exertions of the inhabitants happily put a stop to the ravages of the devouring element.

SAVANNAH, April 25.

The following extract of a letter from Louisville, dated April 20th, is handed by an obliging correspondent.

"A party of Indians, about ten in number, attacked the house of a man by the name of Brown, on the edge of the Swamp, on the Oconee, about a mile from Colonel Hugh Lawson's and about ten miles from Governor Irwin's Plantation; Brown was killed by the second shot---his wife fastened the door: the savages rushed up and attempted to force it; she seized her deceased husband's gun, which happened to be loaded, and fired on them, on which they retired to the Swamp. A negro, who had made his escape to Colonel Lawson's, gave the alarm, and the Colonel with a few men immediately came over, and with much persuasion prevailed on the unfortunate widow and her children to retire from the house, and leave behind the corpse of her murdered husband. Col. Lawson collected a few recruits and returned to the house to bury the corpse: They found that the Indians had been there, cut off the head from the body and carried it with them, and had set fire to the house, which Lawson's party arrived in time to extinguish. This happened early in the morning---in the afternoon a party of 20 or 30 men crossed the Oconee, in pursuit of the murderers. The news came by express to the Governor. The horrid scene was in the county of Washington, about 35 or 40 miles from our seat of Government."

PARIS, March 13.

This day the Directory announced the ratification of the treaty with the Pope. His Holiness cedes Avignon; renounces Ferrara and Bologna; permits a French garrison at Ancona; pays 30,000,000 livers, and 1600 horses; pensions the family of Basseville who was assassinated; re-establishes the French Academy of 1789; gives the pictures, &c. demanded at the armistice; and consents that the French shall occupy his territory untill the execution of the treaty.

BELFAST, March 17.

The disarming of the Presbyterians of Ulster, now commenced and rapidly going on, will form a remarkable epoch in the History of Ireland---it will afford materials for the Historian, the Philosopher and the Politician.

Exchange on London 8 1-2 below par for Guineas. Difference between National Notes and Guineas, or Belfast Bank Notes 9d per pound.

LONDON, March 25.

Letters were yesterday received from Ireland, giving the most alarming accounts of the state of that unhappy country. It is affirmed that a General Engagement had taken place between the King's Troops and the Insurgents of the North; and that the consequences had been vast blood and carnage, from which the most alarming disasters were apprehended.

Court of Hymen.

May rolling years encrease your joys,
And blooming girls and sprightly boys
Your frugal tables grace;
And may you all live peaceful lives,
All happy husbands, happy wives,
And bliss crown all your days.

MARRIED

On Sunday morning the 7th inst. at Staten-Island, by the Rev. Mr. Birkby, Mr. HENRY FROME, to Miss NANCY BYVANCK, both of that place.

Same time, by the Rev. Mr. Birkby, Mr. ABRAHAM MERRIL, to Miss POLLY LAKE, both of that place.

On Monday evening the 8th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Lieutenant ROBERT LONG, of his Britannic Majesty's 17th Regiment, to Miss JANE BYRON, lately from Ireland.

On Thursday evening the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Miller, PETER HAWES, Esq. to Miss NANCY FOST, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. THOMAS WHITFIELD, to Miss EFFE VAN AULAN, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Right Rev. Bishop Provoft, Mr. WILLIAM HUTHWAITE, to Miss ELIZA RYDER, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. ELAM WILLIAMS, to Miss CATHARINE BOGERT, both of this city.

THEATRE.

Miss Brett and Miss Harding's Benefit.

ON *MONDAY EVENING* WILL BE PRESENTED,
A DRAMATIC PIECE, (in 3 acts) called,

The MOUNTAINEERS.

Octavian,	Mr Hodgkinson,
Bulcazin Muley,	Mr Tyler,
Sadi,	Mr Jefferson,
Pogue,	Mr Johnson,
Virolet,	Mr Hallam, jun.
Kilmallock,	Mr Collins,
Ganem,	Mr Miller,
1st Muleteer,	Mr Martin,
2d Muleteer,	Mr Seymour,
3d Muleteer,	Mr Munto,
4th Muleteer,	Mr Lee,
1st Goatherd,	Mr Roberts,
2d Goatherd,	Mr Woolls,
Other Goatherds,	Messrs M'Knight, &c. &c.
Perequillo,	Mr Leonard,
And, Lope Tocho,	Mr Hallam.

VOCAL PARTS by Miss Brett, Miss Harding, Mrs Munto, &c.

Agnes,	Mrs Hodgkinson,
Zoraida,	Mrs Seymour,
And, Floranthe,	Mrs Johnson.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

A Musical Burletta, (never acted here) called, The

TRAGEDY of TRAGEDIES,

With the LIFE and DEATH of

TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

Music composed and compiled by MARSOBDY, from *Dr* ARNE. And performed upwards of 200 nights at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.

TOM THUMB, (the *GREAT*) Master STOCKWELL.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

WANTED,

A Person capable of teaching WRITING, & ARITHMETIC, and the ENGLISH LANGUAGE GRAMMATICALLY.

SUCH a one, that can bring good recommendations as to steadiness and sobriety, may hear of an eligible situation by applying to the Printer immediately.

May 20th, 1797.

Court of Apollo.

THE ESSENCE OF MASONRY.

NOT the fictions of Greece, nor the dreams of old Rome,
Shall with viſions miſlead, or with meteors conſume;
No Pegaſus' wings my ſhort ſoarings miſguide,
Nor raptures falſe lull me on Helicon's ſide;
All clouds now diſſolve, from the eaſt beams the day,
Truth riſes in glory and wakens the lay;
The eagle-eyed muſe ſees the light from the grove,
With a ſong to FREEMASONS of Friendſhip and Love.

Inſpir'd by the theme the Divinity flies,
And thron'd on a rainbow before her ariſe,
Paſt, preſent, and future, in ſplendid array,
Maſonic ſucceſſion their treaſures diſplay:
She views murder'd merit by ruffian-hand fall,
And the grave gives its dead up at fellowſhip's call,
While the Craft by their badges their innocence prove,
And the ſong of FREEMASONS is Friendſhip and Love.

From thoſe ages remote ſee the muſe ſpreads her way,
To join in the glory the preſent diſplay;
In Freedom and Friendſhip ſhe ſees the true band
With Virtue and Spendor illumine the land;
Religion's pure beams break the vapours of night,
And from darkneſs myſterious the word gives the light,
While Lodges below, as the Choirs from above,
Join the ſong of FREEMASONS in Friendſhip and Love.

That the future might keep what the preſent beſtows,
In rapture prophetic the Cherub aroſe;
As he ſung thro' the ſkies angles echoed the ſound,
And the winds bore the notes to the regions around.
His ſentiments then let our ſong ſtill retain,
'Twas that MASONS may ever true luſtre maintain,
And 'till time be no more our ſtrict union ſhould prove,
That the end of FREEMASONRY's Friendſhip and Love.

Mrs. S. Sparhawk, *Miliner*,

From London, has removed from No. 133, William-ſtreet, to No. 52, Cherry-ſtreet---

AND has for ſale, in addition to a variety of genteel Milinary, a great choice of white Chip Hats, elegant Feathers, Cords, Taſſels, Ribbons, Crimp'd Borders, &c. Iriſh Linens, ready made Linen Shirts, &c. &c. Indian Muſlin, Perſians, Bandanoe and Pullicat Handkerchiefs.---London Dolls dreſt and undreſt, and a variety of Toys, &c. &c. &c. May 13, 1797. 63-

Mrs. Farrel,

From London,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies of New-York, and its vicinity, that ſhe glazes all kinds of printed Linens, Muſlins, Chintzes, Shawls, &c. alſo waſhed if required without injuring the colors. N. B. Gentlemen's Veſts, Silk Stockings, &c. calendered in the neateſt manner

All orders will be thankfully received and duly attended to, at her houſe, No. 47, Lower Robinſon-ſtreet, near the Panorama. May 4. 62 tf ℔ 3ſ

Two Rooms,

PLEASANTLY ſituated, near the New Ferry, Long Iſland, to be let by the year or ſeaſon.

Two or three ladies may be accommodated with Board during the Summer---enquire of the Printer. May 4.

S. LOYD,

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public that ſhe continues to carry on the GRAY and MANTUA MAKING BUSINESS, as uſual, at No. 30, Veſey-ſtreet, where ſhe hopes for the continuance of thoſe favors which will be her conſtant endeavors to deſerve. 48 tf

Wanted---an Apprentice

To a genteel and profitable Trade---enquire at this Office.

John Harriſſon,

No. 3, Peck-Slip,

Has received, in addition to his former Aſſortment, the following

New and Entertaining Novels.

CAMILLA, or a Picture of Youth,
Cecilia, or Memoirs of an Heireſs,
Evelina, or the Hiſtory of a young lady's entrance into the world.
Ellen, Counteſs of Caſtle-Howel,
Myſteries of Udolpho, Romance of the Foreſt,
The Caſtles of Athlin and Dunbayne, a Highland Story.
Sicilian Romance, Barford Abbey, Nature and Art,
Royal Captives, a Fragment of Secret Hiſtory, (2 vls.)
The Foreſters, (by Miſs Gunning)
Myſteries Elucidated, (by the Author of Conſtance)
Philip Quarll, or the Engliſh Hermit,
Memoirs of Count Cominge,
Sorrows of Edith, or the Hermitage of the Cliffs,
Younger Brother, (by Mr Dibdin)
Ethelinde, or the Recluſe of the Lake,
Deſmond, (by Charlotte Smith) Julianna Ormeſton,
Count Roderick's Caſtle, or Gothic Times,
Haunted Priory, or the Fortunes of the Houſe of Rayo,
Duke of Clarence, Auguſta Denbeigh, Italian Nun,
Scots Heireſs, Wandering Iſlander,
Roger de Clarendon, Robert and Adela,
Hiſtory of Captain and Miſs Rivers,
Inquiſitor, (by Mrs Rowſon) Paul and Mary,
Fille de Chambre, (by Mrs Rowſon)
Mariamne, or Iriſh Anecdotes, Contraſt,
Juliana Harley, John of Gaunt, Henry,
Dutcheſs of York, Sutton Abbey, Charlotte's Letters,
Caroline of Lichtfield, Lady Montagu's Letters,
Baroneſs d'Alantun, Emely Montague,
Gonzalvo of Cordova, Myſtic Cottage of Chamouny,
Herman of Unna, Son of Ethalwolf, Fatal Follies,
Honoria Sommerville, Orlando and Lavinia,
Charles Mandaville, Arundel, German Gil Blas,
Louiſa, the Lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor,
Madame de Barnevelt, Love's Pilgrimage, Angelina,
Solyman and Fatima, French Adventurer,
Arabian Tales, (a continuation of the Arabian Nights)
Philanthropic Rambler, Baron Trenck,
Rencounter, or Tranſition of a Moment,
Perfidious Guardian, or Viciſſitudes of Fortune,
Simple Story, Joſeph, Sandford and Merton,
Silver Devil, Sydney and Eugenia,
Widow, or a Picture of modern times, Moral Tales,
Gabrielle de Vergey, Victim of Paſſion,
Recluſe of the Appenines, Sympathetic Tales,
Julia Benſon, Daniſh Maſſacre, Fool of Quality,
Man of Feeling, Sorrows of Werter, Pamela,
Julia de Robigne, Citizen of the World,
Man of the World, Vicar of Wakefield, Tom Jones,
Almoran and Hamet, Triſtram Skandy,
Arabian Nights Entertainments, Joſeph Andrews,
Life of Samuel Simkins, Eſq. Peregrine Pickle,
Roderick Random, Entertaining Noveliſt,
Sentimental Journey, Letters of an American Farmer,
Telemachus, Viſit of a Week, Rural Walks,
Devil on two Sticks, (French and Engliſh) Democrat,
Queen of France, Memoirs of Mrs Coglan,
Muſeum of Agreeable Entertainment, Boyle's Voyages,
Guſtavus Vaſſa, Tales of Paſt Times, (French and Engliſh)
Robinſon Cruſoe, (large) Gulliver's Travels, ditto.
Bloody Buoy, (by Peter Porcupine)

WASHINGTON's Letters, Preſident's Addreſs,
Lady's Library, Centaur not Fabulous, Hive,
Fabulous Hiſtory, Rambler, Æſop's Fables,
Thomſon's Seaſons, Young's Night Thoughts,
Mrs Bleecker's Poſthumous Works, Homer's Iliad,
Belliſarius, a Tragedy, (by Margaretta V. Faugeres)
Milton's Works, Johnſon's Lives of the Poets,
Pleaſing Inſtructor, Seleſt Stories, Childrens Friend.
Spirit of Deſpotiſm, Zimmermann on Solitude,
Cain's Lamentations over Abel, Temple of Apollo,
Bennet's Letters to a Young Lady. Bennet's Strictures,
Flowers of Hiſtory, Leſſons of a Governeſs,
Father's Inſtructions, Spectator, Mrs Rowe's Letters,
Columbian Muſe, Goldſmith's Works, Meſſiah,
Rights of Woman, Miſcellaneous Works, Volney's Ruins,
Elegant Miſcellanies, Chronicles of the Kings of England,
Lavater on Phyſiognomy, (with elegant engravings.)

Juſt Received, and for Sale at this Office,

Every Woman her own Houſe-Keeper,

OR, THE LADIES' LIBRARY.

Containing the cheapeſt and moſt extenſive *SYSTEM OF COOKERY* ever offered to the public.

BUCHAN's FAMILY PHYSICIAN;

OR,

A COMPLETE BODY OF DOMESTIC MEDICINE.

ALSO,

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THE MEDICAL POCKET-BOOK.

Complete Sets of

The Regiſter of the Times;

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Containing a Seleſt Impartial and Intereſting Collection OF

PUBLIC TRANSACTIONS AND OCCURRENCES,

Up to the year 1795.

Embelliſhed with Beautiful Engravings.

For Sale,

A Corner lot of land, on the main Bowery Road, near Byard's Lane, and a ſmall lot on the rear of ſaid lot---terms one part caſh, remainder may remain twenty years on intereſt.

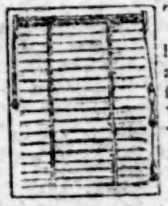
Alſo, Two ſmall double genteel Houſes for ſale, leaſe 19 years unexpired, ſubject to no ground rent during the remainder of the term, one a grocery ſtore, on the main Bowery Road and corner of Bleecker-Street, the other joins ſaid houſe, ſuitable for a ſmall family. For terms apply to JOHN WARNHAM, on the premiſes, or Mr GEORGE WEBSTER, No. 24, Ann-ſtreet, near Naſſau-ſtreet, or Mr JOHN BENSON, oppoſite the Oſwego Market, Maiden-lane.

Alſo, To be leaſed, five lots of land ſituate on the Bowery Road and Greenwich-Street.

Alſo, Two ſmall houſes in Charlotte-ſtreet, near the Eaſt River---Alſo, Two houſes in Henry-ſtreet, near the New Market. The ſtreets will be dug out and paved by the preſent owner at his own expence. Leaſe 19 years unexpired, terms paſt caſh, remainder in 6 and 12 months.

January 14. 46 tf ℔ 7t

Window Blinds.



THE ſubſcriber returns his moſt grateful thanks to the public, and his friends in particular, for paſt favors, and hopes for the continuance of the ſame, as he continues to carry on the WINDOW BLIND MANUFACTORY, at No. 5, Robinſon-ſtreet, New-York, where he has a large aſſortment now on hand.

He has alſo imported the beſt Trimmings from Europe, and hopes to give full ſatisfaction as he can anſwer any orders from city and country at the ſhorteſt notice, with neatneſs, lower than the market price.

N. B An elegant aſſortment of good and faſhionable Cabinet Furniture at the above Ware Room.

March 25. 56 3m JOSEPH FULLER.

Dutch Cloths.

BLACK and blue, of a ſuperior quality, and, a neat aſſortment of London ſuperfine cloths.

White and Brown Ruſſia ſheetings,
Flanders bed bunts and ticken,
Ruſſia diapers and table cloths,
Black Italian crape,
Plain, ſtriped, and croſs-bar'd ſilk ſhawls,
Coloured and black lutſtrings,
Embroidery ſilk, a complete aſſortment, and a valuable parcel of BLACK LACES---for ſale by

ROBERT Mc. MENNOMY,
No. 110, Wilham-ſtreet.

WANTED, a Journeyman to make WINDSOR CHAIRS, a good workman and a ſteady hand, to ſuch a one good wages will be given, Enquire at No 38. St. James-Street. May 13. 63.-4t. ℔